4: Wagley E-5 (1939-1940) 1943
SP22 Tapirape SP22

Secondly, an individual may gain respect through being chosen as a leader of the warrior-age group of his ceremonial moiety. His companions may select him as their "walking leader" — *antá úwa* — or as their "song leader" — *amoniká úwa* — because of his special abilities in hunting, gardening, manual technique, singing, or dancing. It frequently happens that these chosen leaders were *čirikakántu* when they were children, for the special treatment and educational advantages given such children develop qualities of leadership.

The third and most important road to prestige lies in shamanism. It has been shown that the Tapirapé depend upon their shamans to control the dangerous spirit world, to remove danger from first fruits, to predict the future, to bring spirits of children to their parents, and to cure the ill. In all life situations where chance or the unpredictable figure the Tapirapé depend markedly upon their shamans. Thus the greatest prestige which Tapirapé culture offers accrues to the shaman (25). This prestige is reflected in the concepts of a separate afterlife for shamans and in the identification of ancestral culture heroes as shamans. Informants telling of Petura, the bringer of such phenomena as fire and daylight to the Tapirapé, and of Ware, who killed so many dangerous *ančúnga*, frequently referred to them as "great shamans". While a Tapirapé layman becomes a disembodied soul at death, the afterlife of a shaman is but a continuation of his present life under ideal circumstances. His soul goes to Maratawa (26), the home of the culture heroes. This home of the privileged dead lies far to the north-

were the ones who generally produced *čirikakántu*. The man whom Baldus reported as "chefe principal" carried an important name, had been a favored child, had been a "song-leader" of his wirá, and was currently a shaman of some power, and I believe held his position because of these things and had not inherited it. Wantamanu, whom Baldus mentions as "vice-chefe", had also before his death in 1940, been a shaman and a "walking leader".

(25) The unusual importance of the shaman to the Tapirapé was well put by one of my informants: "Without our *pancé*, all we Tapirapé die".

(26) If a shaman meets death by murder, his trip to Maratawa is delayed. He goes temporarily to another "home of shamans" in the west until his wounds are healed; only then does he go to Maratawa. If his skull has been crushed by a club, a new cranium of metal is made for him at this temporary residence. A "metal" cranium is obviously an introduced concept yet informants were not able to explain of what material the new cranium might have been made before metal was known to the Tapirapé.

4: Wagley E-5 (1939-1940) 1943
SP22 Tapirape SP22

555 622 756 775 [766] west "where the earth ends and the water begins" and where the sun returns to sleep after its travels across the sky. In Maratawa shamans have an inexhaustible supply of tobacco, many red parrot feathers, much manioc, kaui, bananas, meat, and all the other necessities and luxuries of life. Frequently a shaman is buried with a pipe filled with tobacco in his mouth, so that he may have smoke to drive out fatigue on the trip to Maratawa; and sometimes food is buried with the body so he may eat, for the journey to Maratawa is long.

556 756 Aside from these non-material considerations, there is one very real factor which insures social respect to the Tapirapé shaman. Shamans are in general the wealthiest men among the Tapirapé. Although they may at times receive meat or honey for their cures or as presents for bringing the spirits of children to parents, payments to them are usually in those luxury goods that are the marks of wealth. It was readily observed that the beads and hardware which I gave as presents to the Tapirapé soon passed into the hands of shamans as payments for cures.

756 Payments to the shamans for curing the ill depend upon the seriousness of the illness and upon what the patient or his family has to offer. Frequently a shaman names his fee when his cure has been successful, asking for specific objects, for he knows full well what each family owns. Unsuccessful cures are never paid. For example, for the treatment of his sister's son and of his daughter, who were both sick at once, Kamairaho, a shaman himself, called three shamans and paid each the price that he asked. He paid one, Panteri, a machete and two strings of beads; to another, Urukumu, he gave an axe, a pocket knife, a pair of sciasors, and five tail feathers of a red parrot; he gave only four strings of beads to Kamairai, who was considered a shaman of less power than the other two. Another young man with few possessions gave five arrows to a shaman who successfully treated his wife; still another paid the breast feathers from his parrot and four string of [262] beads to a shaman. When Txawaniuma killed a paca, the meat of [224] which is highly prized by the Tapirapé, he gave some to his companion of the hunt and divided the rest between two shamans who had treated his small daughter successfully. Neither shaman had to ask for any specific gift or payment. People often complain to others about the [577] high price they had to pay to a shaman, but generally they pay what is

13: Wagley E-5 (1939-1940,1953) 1964
SP22 Tapirape SP22

requited by gifts of beads, hardware, and salt which I provided judiciously from time to time. After a few days, I began noting questions to be asked of Champukwi in the late afternoon when he now habitually visited our house. But this was the time that others also liked to visit. At this hour of the day our house was often crowded with men, women, children, and even pets—monkeys, parrots, and wild pigs—for which the Tapirapé along with other Brazilian tribes have an especial fondness. Such social gatherings were hardly conducive to the ethnological interview or even to the systematic recording of vocabulary. So I asked Champukwi if I might go with him to his garden. There, alternating between helping him cut brush from his garden site and sitting in the shade, I was able to conduct a kind of haphazard interview. Often, while he worked, I formulated questions in my halting Tapirapé and I was able by repetition to understand his answers. Although the Tapirapé villagers began to joke of Champukwi's new garden site as belonging to the two of us, these days were very valuable for my research.

Walking through the forest to and from Champukwi's garden, we often hunted for *jacu*, a large forest fowl rather like a chicken. I attempted to teach Champukwi how to use my .22 rifle, but he had difficulty understanding the gunsights and missed continually. He attempted to show me how to "see" the *jacu* hidden in the thick branches of the trees, but I seldom caught sight of the birds until they had flown. Thus, our complementary incapacities combined to make our hunting in the tropical forest quite unproductive, and in disgust Champukwi often resorted to his bow and arrow. Only later in the year, after he had practiced a great deal by shooting at tin cans did Champukwi master the use of the rifle, and this new-found skill greatly added to his prestige among the Tapirapé.

My abiding friendship with Champukwi perhaps really began when I came down with malaria about six weeks after our arrival. During the first few days of my illness, I was oblivious to my surroundings. I am told that while one *pancheé*, or medicine man, predicted my death, another tried to cure me by massage, by blowing tobacco smoke over my body, and by attempting to suck out the "object" that was causing the fever. Evidently his efforts—plus the atabrine tablets administered by Valentim Gomes—were successful, for my fever abated. I realized, however, that convalescence would be slow. Unable to leave the house for almost three weeks, I spent my days